

STARTING: SEÑOR BANANA - AMERICA'S NEWEST
LAUGH SENSATION!

NO.
36

APRIL
10c

ZIP

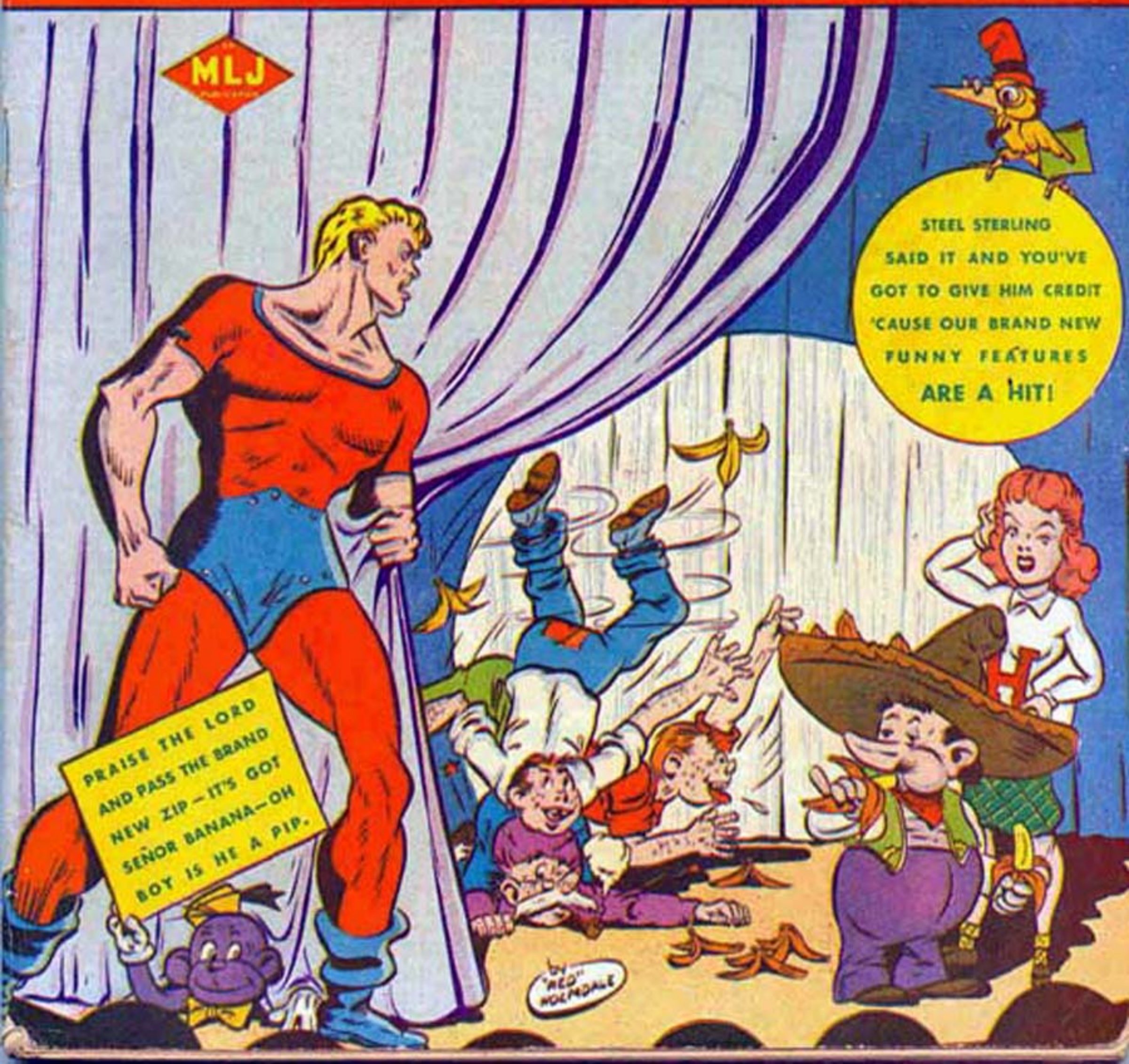
COMICS

MLJ
PUBLICATIONS

STEEL STERLING
SAID IT AND YOU'VE
GOT TO GIVE HIM CREDIT
'CAUSE OUR BRAND NEW
FUNNY FEATURES
ARE A HIT!

PRAISE THE LORD
AND PASS THE BRAND
NEW ZIP - IT'S GOT
SEÑOR BANANA—OH
BOY IS HE A PIP.

by
"RED"
HOEFDAL





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



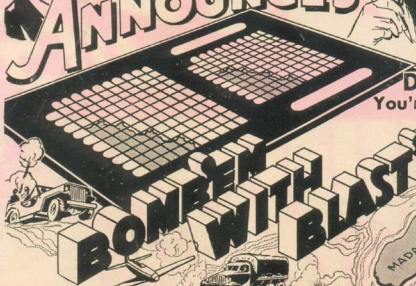
Jim Prentice

FAMOUS INVENTOR OF
ELECTRIC FOOTBALL
BASEBALL, Etc.



ANNOUNCES

DAD
You're SUNK!



BOMB 'EM WITH BLAST 'EM



The Amazing NEW Battle Game

SOLOMON

ISLANDS

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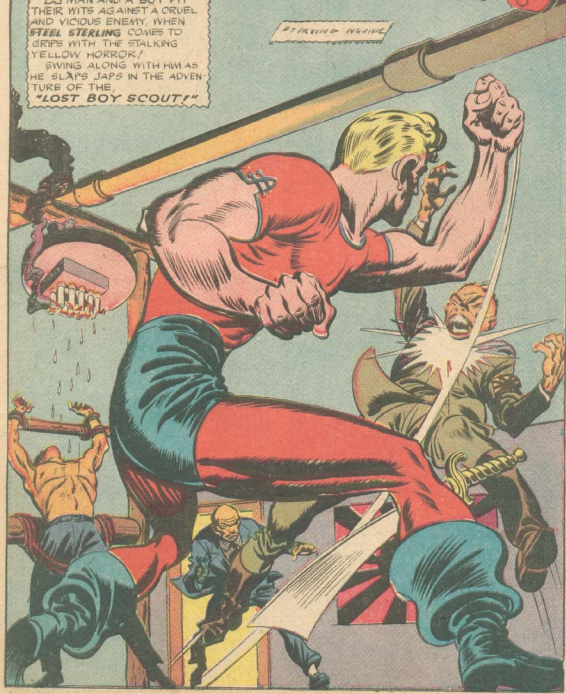
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

STEEL STERLING

A MAN AND A BOY PIT THEIR WITS AGAINST A CRUEL AND VICIOUS ENEMY, WHEN **STEEL STERLING** COMES TO GRIPS WITH THE STALKING YELLOW HORROR!

SWING ALONG WITH HIM AS HE SLAPS JAPS IN THE ADVENTURE OF THE, "LOST BOY SCOUT!"

STALKING HORROR



--- SURE, I ADMIT THAT LOONEY IS IN CONSTANT DANGER- BUT LOOK AT ME! MY JOB IS TWICE AS TOUGH! DEATH LURKING ON ALL SIDES FROM HOODLUMS, SABOTEURS AND THE LIKE!

- WHY THE DANGER I EXPERIENCE IN ONE DAY-- LOONEY DOESN'T GO THRU IN A MONTH OF SUNDAYS!

BETTER ANSWER THE PHONE!

HUH? OH- WHY EVEN THAT PHONE- MIGHT BE A MESSAGE OF TERRIBLE DANGER--- EVEN DEATH!



WHAT'S WRONG, CLANCY? ABOUT TO EMBARK ON ONE OF YOUR "DANGEROUS MISSIONS"?

WHAT? SOME KIDS ARE MAKING A RACKET IN KELSEY'S VACANT LOT. Y' WANT ME TO CHASE 'EM, OKAY CHIEF?

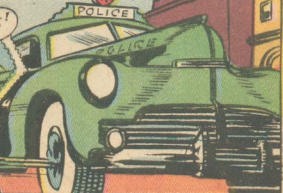


I MUST HURRY HOME SO I CAN LISTEN TO THE RADIO REPORTS OF YOUR DARING ADVENTURE!

AW, SHUT UP- YOU- YOU BIG PIECE OF METAL! WHY DON'T YOU GO JUMP INTO THE SCRAP HEAP!



WHEEEEE





HEY!
WHAT GIVES
HERE?

CHEESE
IT/ FELLAS-
IT'S CLANCY!

LET THAT
KID ALONE--
BEFORE I RUN
THE WHOLE
LOT OF Y'IN!

AW-- HE'S A **DOITY**
JAP! WE WERE JUST
GONNA GIVE 'IM,
WHAT'S COMIN' TO
'IM?

YEAH! LET'S
MOPOLIZE
'IM!

DO Y'THINK YOU
BOYS CAN HANDLE
THIS YOURSELVES--
OR SHOULD I CALL
OUT THE ARMY AND
NAVY-- OR MAYBE
THE MARINES?
YOU OUGHTA BE
ASHAMED, GANGIN'
UP ON A LONE
KID!

RATS! ALL WE
KNOW IS THAT
HE'S A JAP!
AND WE DON'T LIKE
IT, SEE?

I'M NOT A JAP! I'M A
GOOD AMERICAN---
AS GOOD AS ANY OF
YOU!

YOU HEARD WHAT
HE SAID! NOW BEAT
IT- GWAN SCRAM-
SHOO!



YOU'RE CHINESE
AREN'T YA?

YES, MY NAME IS CHARLEY
LIN, AND MY HOME
IS IN SAN FRANCISCO!

IN FRISCO? THEN
WHAT ARE YA DOIN'
HERE?

WELL, YOU SEE, MY FATHER WAS
AN INVENTOR DOING IMPORTANT
WORK FOR THE ARMY! RECENTLY
HE WAS KILLED AND MY MOTHER
SENT ME HERE TO STAY WITH MY
UNCLE!



WHEN I GOT OFF THE TRAIN,
I DISCOVERED THAT I HAD
LOST HIS ADDRESS, THEN I
WANDERED AROUND THE CITY,
STOPPING FOR A MOMENT
TO WATCH SOME BOYS PLAY
BALL! THEY MISTOOK ME FOR
A JAP AND - YOU KNOW THE
REST!

I SHOULD TAKE
YA TO THE STATION
HOUSE BUT WE'LL
GO AND SEE MY
FRIEND STEEL
STERLING! HE'LL
KNOW WHAT
TO DO!

CRUEL SLANTED
EYES WATCH THE
PAIR AS THEY
ENTER STEEL
STERLING'S RE-
SIDENCE -----



A WHILE LATER, CHARLEY
FINISHES TELLING HIS STORY TO
STEEL ----

I NEVER HAD
THE PLEASURE OF MEET-
ING YOUR FATHER! HOW-
EVER I'M WELL AC-
QUAINTED WITH HIS
SCIENTIFIC
WORK!



I SEE THAT YOU'RE A BOY
SCOUT! IT'S A FINE ORGANI-
ZATION! WE'RE PROUD OF
THE WAY THEY'RE HELPING
OUT IN OUR WAR EFFORT!



BUT COME, YOU MUST BE A
LITTLE TIRED AND HUNGRY! SUP-
POSE WE HAVE SOME DINNER
NOW, AND AFTERWARDS SEE
ABOUT LOCATING YOUR
UNCLE!



THANK YOU
SIR, WE TRY
TO DO OUR
BEST!

SUITS ME
FINE!

I COULD USE
SOME NOU-
RISHMENT!

MEANWHILE AN ARMY TRANSPORT
RUSHES ON IT'S WAY TOWARD
THE CITY--

♪ - SINGIN'- PRAISE THE LORD AND
PASS THE MALNUTRITION. PUH-RAISE
THE LORD AND PASS THE AMMUNITION.
OH PUH-HUH-RAISE THE LORD AND
PASS THE MALNUTRITION AND
WE'LL ALL BE-- ♪

WHAT KIND OF A STUNT
IS THIS? THE WHOLE ROAD IS
STREWN WITH GLASS! I'D LIKE
TO GET MY HANDS ON THE RAT
THAT DID THIS! --
TWO FLAT TIRES!!

OH!
OH!

BOOM

SUDDENLY--

THE MISERABLE
ONE SLEEPS PEACE-
FULLY- IF NOT
COMFORTABLY!

COME, WE HAVE
WORK TO DO
자랑하고 싶습니까

THUD

GET THE CAR
OUT FROM BE-
HIND THE BUSHES
AND TRANSFER
THE CONTENTS
OF THE TRUCK
TO IT! **HURRY!**
자랑하고 싶습니까



BACK AT STEEL'S APARTMENT, AFTER A HEARTY MEAL--

BOY, AM I FULL!

YOU SHOULD BE, YOU ATE ENOUGH TO CHOKE A HORSE!

OH! IZZAT SO?—WHAT THE SAM HILL?

LOONEY!

YOU LOOK KINDA' SHAKY—SIT IN THIS CHAIR TILL YOU CALM DOWN A BIT!

GOSH—WHAT IS IT, LOONEY?

WOE IS ME, WO-HOE IS ME! MY FUTURE LIES BEFORE ME, LIKE AN OPEN BOOK!—I CAN SEE YOU AND CLANCY HANDING CIGARETTES TO ME, THROUGH THE GUARD-HOUSE BARS FOR THE NEXT FIFTY YEARS!

OH, COME ON, LOONEY, CUT OUT THE DRAMATICS AND TELL US WHAT HAPPENED!

OKAY, OKAY! DON'T RUSH ME!

I WAS DRIVIN' ALONG IN MY ARMY TRUCK, WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN, TWO OF THE REAR TIRES BLEW OUT; BECAUSE SOMEONE PUT BROKEN BOTTLES ALL OVER THE ROAD! WHEN I GOT OUT TO LOOK AT 'EM, SOME RAT SLUGGED ME! I WOKE TO FIND THE CONTENTS OF THE TRUCK GONE!

IT SEEMS LIKE YOU'RE ALWAYS GETTING SLUGGED!

WHO ASKED YOU? YOU BIG FAT-HEAD!

WHO'S A FAT-HEAD?

PIPE DOWN—YOU TWO! NOW, WHAT WERE YOU CARRYING IN YOUR TRUCK, LOONEY?

I WAS ORDERED TO TRANSPORT AN INVENTION TO A CHINESE SCIENTIST NAMED CHIANG WEI CHENG!

WHY, HE'S MY UNCLE! HE'S SUPPOSED TO COMPLETE THE INVENTION MY FATHER HAD BEGUN BEFORE HE DIED! WHAT'S THAT?

WHERE IS THE PLACE THIS SCIENTIST IS AT?

IT'S SOMEWHERE IN CHINATOWN. LET'S SEE NOW 60 PELL STREET! THAT'S IT!

I WANT YOU ALL TO STAY HERE, WHILE I PAY CHARLIE'S UNCLE, MR. CHIANG - A VISIT!

DOWN INTO THE HEART OF CHINATOWN ZIPS STEEL ----

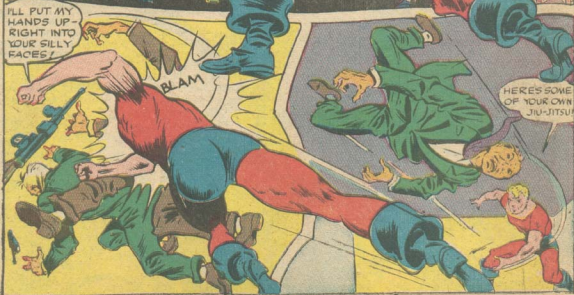
MR. CHIANG, I'M STEEL. I'VE COME TO BRING YOU NEWS ABOUT YOUR NEPHEW AND THE INVENTION YOU ARE TO COMPLETE!

HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THEM?

STEEL RELATES THE STORY OF THE STRANGE EVENTS WHICH HAD OCCURRED PREVIOUSLY ----

AND THE BOY IS AT MY APARTMENT WITH CLANCY AND LOONEY!

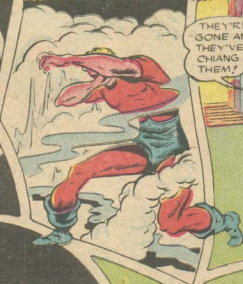
THIS IS MOST ALARMING NEWS! THANK HEAVENS THE BOY IS SAFE THOUGH!



ONE OF THE JAPS HURLS A TEAR
GAS BOMB---

WHICH BURSTS NEAR STEEL,
BLINDING HIM TEMPORARILY---

AFTER RECOVERING THE USE OF
HIS EYES---



THEY'RE
GONE AND
THEY'VE TAKEN
CHIANG WITH
THEM!



I'D BETTER BEAT
IT BACK TO MY PLACE!
THEY'RE SURE TO GO
AFTER THE KID - IF
THEY HAVEN'T GOT
HIM ALREADY!

THAT SURE IS,
SLICK KNOT-TYING!

WHILE BACK AT STEEL'S
APARTMENT---

OK CHARLIE
UNTIE ME
SO'S I
CAN PRACTICE
ON LOONEY

SEE-IT'S
VERY
SIMPLE!



FAT MAN, WILL PLEASE
REMAIN IN PRESENT
CONVENIENT POSITION!

JAPA-
NAZIS!

TAKE YOUR PAWS
OFFN THAT KID YOU
YELLOW LIVERED
SKUNK!

EXTREMELY
COMMENDABLE BUT
MOST UNWISE - SO
SORRY!

PLEASE TO QUICKLY
PLACE SWINE IN
CAR!

AT THAT MOMENT----
I'M TOO LATE! WAIT A
MINUTE, THESE BIRDS
ARE
GOING TO LEAD ME TO
THEIR HIDEOUT!

SO I'LL JUST
HITCH A RIDE, AND
SIT TIGHT!

DEEP INTO THE BOWELS
OF CHINTOWN THE CAR
SPEEDS--

UNCLE!
UNCLE!

SOMETIME LATER THE PRISONERS ARE HERDED
INTO A CHAMBER HIDDEN BELOW WEIRD STREETS.

YOU'LL
NEVER
MAKE ME
TALK!

PERHAPS SIGHT IN
NEXT ROOM WILL
LOOSEN TONGUE OF
LITTLE ONE!

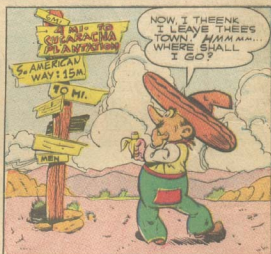
Señor BANANA

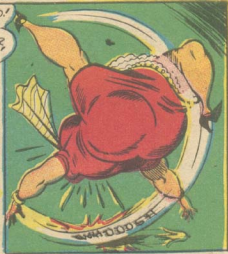
IN A SMALL VILLAGE OF A SMALL COUNTRY, THERE LIVES A SMALL MAN WHO LOVES ONLY ONE THING MORE THAN TO SLEEP... TO EAT THE FRUIT WHICH HAS GIVEN HIM HIS NAME! AND SO WE GIVE YOU... SEÑOR BANANA.

AS OUR STORY OPENS, THERE'S SOMEONE ELSE, ---- ALSO ANXIOUS TO GIVE SEÑOR BANANA AWAY...

...AND STAY OUT, LAZY BANANA EATING PEEG!!

EL TACHO GRANDE



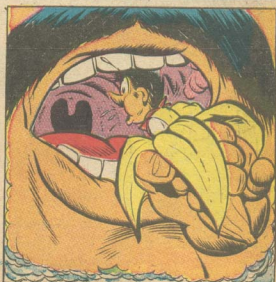
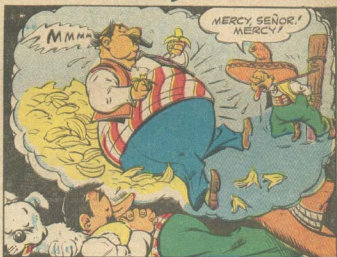




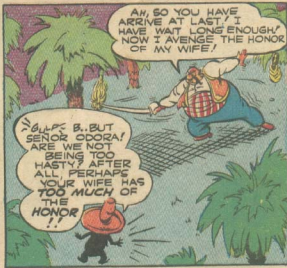
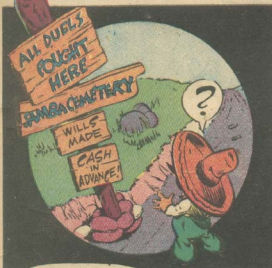
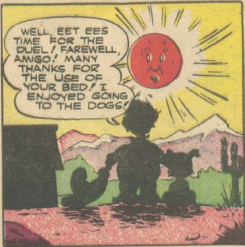
SEÑOR WITH THE BANANA NOSE, I DON ALVAREZ COMANEHE ESTERITADEL ODORA CHALLENGE YOU TO THE DUEL!



BUT SENOR ODORA IS NOT THE ONLY ONE TO BE TROUBLED WITH BAD DREAMS...



SUN UP





¡SI, SEÑOR!
I WEEL
NOT BE
LONG!
GIVE ME
THE HAND
PLEASE!

CAREFUL,
DON'T HURT
YOURSELF!



WHILE THE
SHREEMP
MAKES
WEETH THE
BREAKFAST,
I STUDY
THE FORM
SHEET!



FAREWELL,
BEAUTIFUL
BANANA! I
TASTE THE
FRUIT OF MY
LIFE, FOR
THE LAST
TIME,
PERHAPS!



GUYS
AND NOW,
SEÑOR, IF
YOU ARE
READY,
I AM!

EN
GARDE
!!



HA!
MISSED!

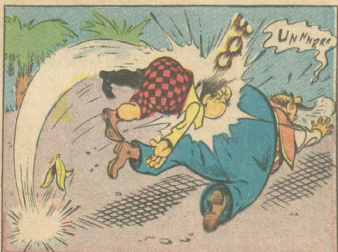
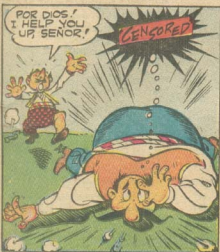
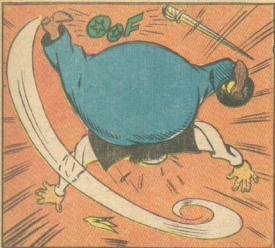


NOW I
FINISH
YOU
OFF!
WAN..
TWO..
THREE
!!



SEÑOR...YOU
HAVE CAUGHT
ME WEETH
THE PANTS
DOWN!

BUENO! NOW YOU
STAND IN WAN
PLACE SO I CAN
FINISH YOU!



FLIGHT TO THE EAST

A STEEL STERLING STORY

By GRANT BOSWORTH

"ESCORT to a buzzing bumble bee!" snorted Alec Ben Lunar, other wise know as Looney. "Wish we had Clancy along."

Steel Sterling at the controls of a small monoplane zooming swiftly along some miles behind a giant US Flying Fortress, grinned. He made an adjustment to the controls.

"What for?" he asked.

"Someone to talk to," complained Looney. "You've been as silent as an anemic ghost ever since we left Los Angeles."

Steel's face was grim.

"No time for chatter, Looney. That Flying Fortress has got to get to Washington, come wind, rain, earthquake or tornadoes. It's carrying a vital flight time schedule for the Ferry Command for Bombers to Russia. The FBI has some reason to suspect an attempt by 5th columnists may be made to stop it. At any rate, we're going along to see that it gets where it's going."

The day was sunshiny and cloudless. The takeoff had been uneventful. Steel had elected to travel leisurely in a small airplane instead of with his usual terrific speed. The bomber, after all, had its limits.

"Hm-m-m-m-m," grunted Steel. "We just crossed the Arizona border. From here on for hundreds and hundreds of miles there's nothing but empty wasteland."

"Fine. There'll be nobody there to bother the bomber," remarked Looney. He stretched his arms and yawned.

"Don't be too sure." Steel's jaw set like a vise. "Fifth columnists can turn up anywhere and they usually do."

A shadow fell upon the plane.

It rushed past so quickly that only Steel Sterling's keen eyesight caught its source.

"Vulture," he said briefly. "One of Adolph's bird brothers."

Looney became visibly agitated.

"It's an omen," he said, and his teeth chattered a little. "Vultures and Stukas!"

"No Stukas here," replied Steel. "But I don't like the looks of those gathering clouds."

Abruptly the two planes had passed into a storm-swept area. The change from the brilliant sunlight to deep gloom was startling. Roaring, the bomber and its unseen escort plunged into the heart of a black and swirling maelstrom.

"Looney, this storm is unnatural," grated Steel. "Lightning areas have never been known over Arizona. Here, take the controls, I'm going to have a look. That bomber is heading for a smashup."

Looney had no time to protest. Steel Sterling had simply disappeared.

Like a graceful bird, he zipped ahead faster and faster until he had overtaken the bomber and left it far behind. Then, cutting nearer the ground at what he judged to be the storm center, he swooped suddenly close to a huge mountain atop which were mounted two giant metal towers alive with leaping sparks.

"Artificial lightning generated by apparatus mounted on trucks! They must have known the bomber's route!"

He zoomed closer to the great black bulk and suddenly heard the sound of machine gun fire. Ducking, he zoomed again high into the air and poised for an instant. Then, dropping swiftly

toward the inferno far below, he headed like a bullet for the first of the towers.

Smack!

A terrible crash ripped the air apart as the hurtling body of Steel Sterling smashed straight through the base of the first tower. Instantly a thunder-clap closed in behind him as hundreds upon hundreds of millions of volts closed the gap in the ether and seemed to tear space itself apart.

The remaining tower, deprived of its positive pole went mad. Lightning crackled and roared. Huge flames erupted into the heavens, splitting the clouds like hundreds of sharp cleavers.

Then the irresistible potential of the tower turned on itself and blew the mountain to powder.

The man of steel hovered over the devastation, below—and noted with grim satisfaction that not a sign of life appeared anywhere on the scene.

Abruptly and with startling speed, the storm cleared. Whizzing back to his plane, Steel saw the Bomber once more pursuing its course calmly, its great wings spread to the pure breezes of America.

The flight schedules would get to Washington on time!

But taking no chances, Steel once again boarded his plane. He found Looney frantically handling the controls.

"Where have you been?" gasped Looney.

Steel looked out of the window. They were passing over the giant crater in which lay buried the hopes of the Axis to delay or destroy Bombers for Russia.

"Down there," he said. "I had to see a spy about a storm."

SODAS FOR SALE

A WILBUR STORY

By AVERY DAVIS

WILBUR'S father was sore as a boil—the really painful kind.

"Not another cent!" he bellowed to his son, "you've had your last extra two bits from me. It's about time you began earning some money of your own, anyway!"

Wilbur sighed. He had always known this was coming. His grandmother had told him it would. He had a girl friend and he was growing older. Girls had to have money spent on them. Ah, life! He sighed again and went down to Schoenbuckel's soda parlor.

Mr. Schoenbuckel considered his application doubtfully. He had a deep-seated notion that Wilbur's apprenticeship in his store was merely the shadow of oncoming doom. Wilbur's reputation as champion trouble-maker had gone before him.

"I can handle the counter. Honest I can. And I'm good at advertising," said Wilbur eagerly.

Schoenbuckel groaned. It was true that he needed a boy behind the soda counter, but he would rather have hired the devil himself, than Wilbur. The devil not being available, he gave in. Two minutes later, Wilbur had the job, at \$7.5 a day. He accepted the amount gladly as he had intentions of working only two days anyway. A dollar fifty would easily pay admission to the latest and biggest movie in town with enough left over for sodas.

Wilbur got together with his friend Eddie an hour later. He wanted Eddie to make a sign.

"This big," he said eagerly, and made a space in the air two feet square. "We'll tell 'em what we sell. Mr. Schoenbuckel's old fashioned. He doesn't understand the possibilities. And Eddie, cut the price on the sign from 15 to 12¢. Big business, a small but steady profit. How's that?" he

asked, looking pleased with himself.

Eddie seemed doubtful but went away dutifully. He came back fifteen minutes later with the sign, printed loudly in red ink on green cardboard.

"Where'll I put it?" he asked hoarsely.

Mr. Schoenbuckel had gone to lunch, so Wilbur took courage.

"Up there," he replied and pointed to the archway of the store entrance.

Ruth, his girl friend, walked in while Eddie was painfully putting the large sign in place.

"Chocolate soda," she said, and gazed proudly at Wilbur as he went to work.

Wilbur was out to make a success of his first soda. He gazed at the various ingredients with a sharp eye, emptied a little of everything into a large glass, put in some chocolate ice cream and looking around for something to top it off, picked up a large bottle, the label of which was badly smudged, and dropped three or four ounces of the brown liquid in it on top of the soda.

Ruth finished her soda slowly. She had been impressed with Wilbur's apparent skill but the resulting masterpiece seemed a trifle heavy. Finally she got up, staggered slightly, looked at Wilbur in amazement and left, after getting a promise from him to turn up early for their date the following evening.

Several customers, attracted by the sign which promised terrific quality plus low cost came in and were served up mixtures nobody but Wilbur could have thought of. To each soda he proudly added an ounce or so of the brown liquid. One or two of the customers looked pained as they ate their sodas, but said nothing. They couldn't. They were too anxious to get out of the store.

Mr. Schoenbuckel caught sight

of the sign in front of his store from two blocks away. He made the distance in seventy seconds flat and entered the store screaming.

Wilbur had made seventeen sales. Mr. Schoenbuckel ripped down the sign and told him he was taking the loss out of Wilbur's salary. Wilbur saw the after-show refreshments vanishing into thin air, and sighed.

"Genius," he mused, "is never appreciated in this world."

The store phone rang. Mr. Schoenbuckel answered it.

"Yes. Oh, Mr. Davis. Yes. Yes. You had a soda here . . . What? Poisoned? Mr. Davis, I . . ."

Mr. Davis had hung up. Then the phone rang again as Mr. Schoenbuckel replaced it on the hook. "What?" he yelled again. "More poison? But Mrs. Snodgrass . . ."

He slammed the receiver down wrathfully and hurled himself behind the counter.

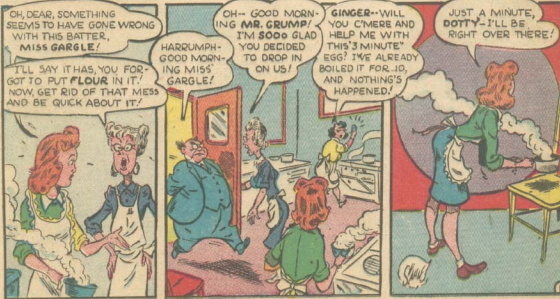
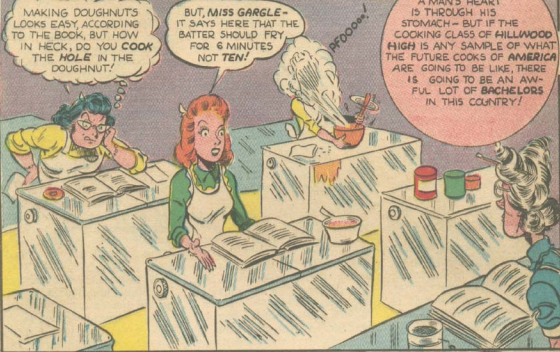
"Say, what's happened to the rest of the castor oil I mixed with chocolate syrup for the kids when their mothers bring them in?"

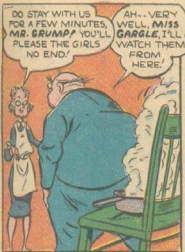
"Did you say castor oil?" asked Wilbur weakly. His face was a dead white. He held out his hand. "If you don't mind, I'll take my salary now." As he wavered back and forth he wondered what he was going to do with it when he got it. Ruth—RUTH had had one of those sodas and castor oil in large quantities had been in all of them.

Mr. Schoenbuckel looked at him coldly.

"No, Wilbur, I'm not going to give you any money. But I insist you take out what I owe you in trade." A devilish look appeared in his eye. "Sit down, Wilbur," he said pointing to a soda fountain seat. "I'm going to give you a chocolate soda made from your own recipe!"

GINGER





DO STAY WITH US
FOR A FEW MINUTES,
MR. GRUMPF YOU'LL
PLEASE THE GIRLS
NO END!

AH, VERY
WELL, MISS
GARGLE, I'LL
WATCH THEM
FROM
HERE!

YEEOW

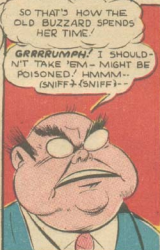


WHAT DUNCE
PUT THAT BOIL-
ING WATER
THERE?

I--I-- GUESS
IT WAS ME,
MNMNR. GRUMP!
I'M SO SORRY.
DID IT HURT
MUCH?



WH--- HAVE ONE OF
MY COOKIES, MR.
GRUMP, MISS GARGLE
EATS THEM ALL
THE TIME!



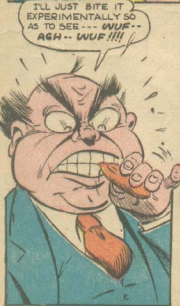
SO THAT'S HOW THE
OLD BUZZARD SPENDS
HER TIME!

GRRRRUMPH! I SHOULD-
N'T TAKE 'EM - MIGHT BE
POISONED! HMM--
(SNIFF) (SNIFF) --



WELL, PERHAPS
I'LL TRY ONE IF IT
ISN'T TOO HARD
ON MY TEETH!

OH, NO,
MR. GRUMP!
THEY'RE AS
SOFT AS
BUTTER!

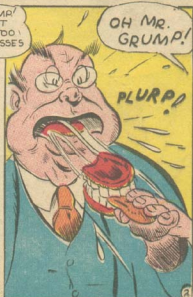


I'LL JUST BITE IT
EXPERIMENTALLY SO
AS TO SEE --- WUF--
AGH-- WUF!!!!



C-C-C-CAN'T GET
MUH-MOUTH,
OOOOOPEN!

OH, MR. GRUMP!
THERE MUST
HAVE BEEN TOO
MUCH MOLLASSES
IN THE
BATTER!



OH MR.
GRUMP!

PLURP!



BRFFFSK! THIS IS
AWFUL! NO ONE
EVER SUSPECTED
I HAD FALSE
TEETH!

GINGER SNAPP,
WHAT HAVE
YOU DONE?



MISS GARGLE,
YOU MIXED
THAT BATCH
OF COOKIES
YOURSELF!

I DID!
MERCY ME!
GINGER, I'LL
PASS YOU IF
YOU KEEP
IT QUIET!



WHAT DO YOU
THINK WAS
WRONG WITH
THOSE COOKIES,
DOTTY?

WHY DON'T
TRY 'EM ON
TROUBLE--
AND FIND
OUT!



COME HERE, TROUBLE,
THAT'S A NICE LITTLE
DOG! NOW EAT
THIS COOKIE!

GRRD--
(MEANING)
MUST HAVE
BEEN MADE
WITH OLD
SHOES!



DOTTY!
HE RAN
AWAY!

NO WONDER
MISS GARGLE
CAN'T GET A
HUSBAND--
THEY'RE ALL
AFRAID OF
POISONING!



Later--
HAPPY BIRTHDAY!
GINGER! EVERY-
THING'S READY FOR
THE PARTY BUT THE
CAKE! WILL YOU
RUN DOWN TO THE
BAKER?

OH, I
WOULDN'T
THINK OF
BUYING
A CAKE,
MOTHER!



IT'LL BE SO MUCH FUN TO
BAKE IT! REMEMBER MOTHER,
THAT THE **PRESIDENT** SAID
WE SHOULD ALL TRY TO
SAVE AS MUCH AS WE CAN!



BUT, GINGER--
DON'T YOU
THINK---

NOT ANOTHER
WORD! NOW LET'S
SEE-- WE'LL NEED
FLOUR, SUGAR,
AND EGGS---



OH, DOTTY,
WILL YOU GET
SOME YEAST?

BE CAREFUL,
GINGER, AND
FOLLOW THE
DIRECTIONS!

OH, SURE,
DON'T WORRY,
DOTTY!



OH, HELLO DAD, NO
DON'T BOTHER TO BUY
A BIRTHDAY CAKE!
I'M MAKING ONE!
UH-HUH-- ME!
OH, YOU COULD BRING
HOME SOME YEAST!



BACK IN THE
KITCHEN---

GRRA



I DOOD
IT!



TROUBLE! YOU'RE
NOTHING BUT
TROUBLE! YOU
RUINED MY CAKE,
AND YOU'RE A MESS
BESIDES!

1000000
THIS SOUNDS
LIKE A
BATH!



MEANWHILE-- GINGER'S MOTHER
COMES HOME----

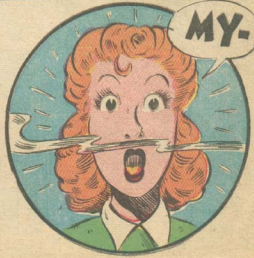
OH MY! DOTTY WENT TO
THE STORE FOR SOME YEAST,
AND THERE WAS SOME HERE
ALL THE TIME! I'D BETTER
PUT IT IN NOW!



AND WHEN DOTTY GETS HOME--

GINGER'S NOT
HERE-- MAYBE I'D
BETTER PUT THIS
YEAST IN FOR HER!

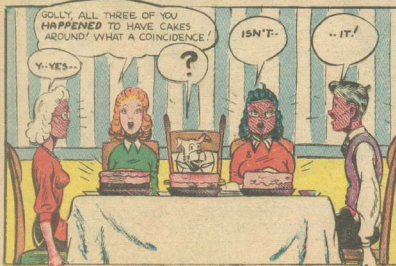






BOO HOO!!
MY BIRTHDAY
CAKE (SMILE)
WAS A
FLOP!!!

THERE--THERE--
GINGER! IT'S ALL
RIGHT! WE'LL HAVE
A BIRTHDAY CAKE!
PECULIARLY ENOUGH,
I HAPPEN TO HAVE
ONE IN THE HOUSE!



The
End!!

ARCHIE COMICS IS RIDING THE CREST OF A WAVE!

A WAVE OF LETTERS POURING IN BY THE THOUSANDS—ALL SHOUTING THEIR DELIGHT ABOUT AMERICA'S MOST SENSATIONALLY FUNNY CHARACTER—"ARCHIE, THE MIRTH OF A NATION" AND THOSE SIDE-SPLITTING FEATURES-----

JUDGE OWL

CUBBY
THE BEAR

BUMBIE, THE
BEE-TECTIVE

SQOIMY,
THE WOIM

ARCHIE'S
PAL
JUGHEAD

ARCHIE'S
GIRL FRIEND
BETTY COOPER



AND SO WE HAD NO CHOICE! WE WERE FORCED TO BRING OUT ANOTHER ISSUE OF **ARCHIE COMICS**! **ARCHIE COMICS #2** IS ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTANDS **RIGHT NOW!** DON'T WALK, **RUN** TO YOUR NEWSSTAND!

CHIMPY

JOE EDWARDS



FLASH!.....EVERYONE OFF THE STREET--- (GULP)--- A MAN-EATING LION HAS JUST ESCAPED!--- RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!!

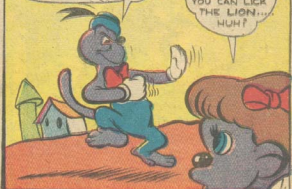


SAY--- CHIMPY, AREN'T YOU AFRAID OF THAT ESCAPED LION!

WHO, ME? NAVV! I'M NOT SCARED! WHY IF I MET HIM--

I'D FEINT WITH MY LEFT... AND THEN CLIP HIM ON THE JAW!! BOY! HE'D BE A PUSHOVER!!!

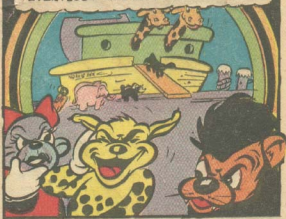
WHAT MAKES YOU SO CONFIDENT THAT YOU CAN LICK THE LION.... HUH?



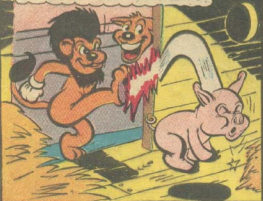
HUH! LIONS HAVE BEEN SCARED
STIFF OF US CHIMPS FOR
HUNDREDS OF YEARS... EVER
SINCE ONE OF MY ANCESTORS
GAVE A WISE-GUY LION HIS
LUMPS ON NOAH'S ARK!



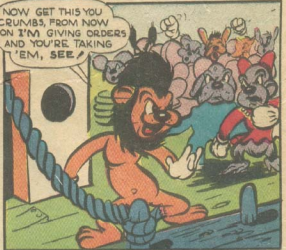
IT WAS JUST LIKE AN EXCURSION PICNIC
FOR THE GANG, WHEN NOAH INVITED THEM
AS HOUSE-GUESTS ON HIS ARK ----
EVERYBODY WAS HAPPY...



BUT THERE'S ALWAYS SOME WET
BLANKET TO SPOIL THINGS. THIS
TIME IT WAS LEO, THE LION, WHO
BEGAN TO PUSH EVERYONE AROUND...



NOW GET THIS YOU
CRUMBS, FROM NOW
ON I'M GIVING ORDERS
AND YOU'RE TAKING
'EM, SEE!



AHA... A
PRETTY LITTLE
LADY... AND
JUST MY
TYPE!



GET
YOUR PAWS
AWAY FROM
ME ----
BECAUSE--

ULK!

.... I MIGHT GET
MAD... AND FORGET
I'M A LADY!!

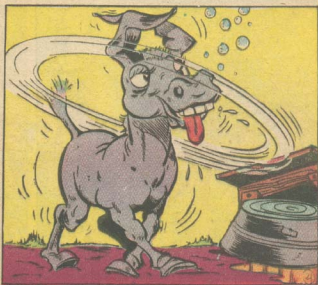
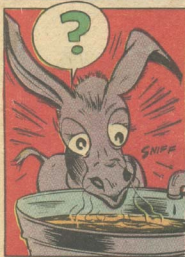
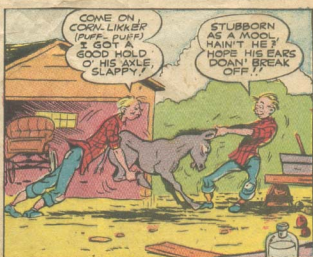


Sorry! Scan unavailable....

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Sorry! Scan unavailable....

Sorry! Scan unavailable....



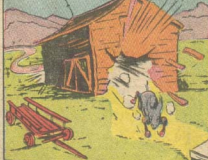


WHUL, WHADDYA KNOW... HUH? AN' I ALLUS THOUGHT SHE WUZ A TEE-TOT-AL-ERR!

SHE HAIN'T NO MORE, YOU CAN BET YO' BOTTOM DOLLAR!

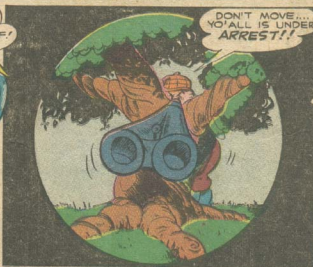
SOMETHING SEEMS TO HAVE GOT INTO CORN-LIKKER, COULD IT BE THE APPLE-CIDY? COULD BE!...

BAM



LES' JUS' SMELL IT, SLAPPY!

YUP, MIGHT BURN OUR TONGUES OFF! EFFEN WE TASTE IT!

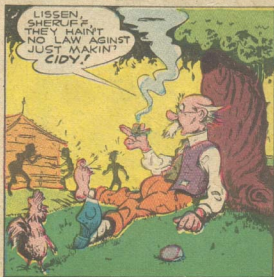


DON'T MOVE... YO' ALL IS UNDER ARREST!!

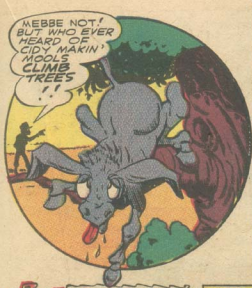


WHUFFO? WE AIN'T DONE NUTHIN', CEPT'N' MAKE APPLE-JACK!

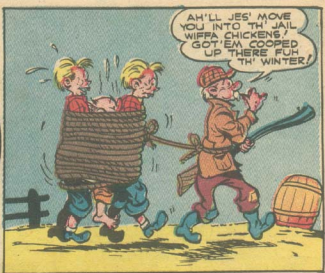
PUT YO' HANDS UP, AH'S GOT TH' BEAD ON YO'!



LISSEN, SHERUFF, THEY HAIN'T NO LAW AGINST JUST MAKIN' CIDY!



MEBBE NOT!
BUT WHO EVER
HEARD OF
CIDY MAKIN'
MOOLS
CLIMB
TREES
!!



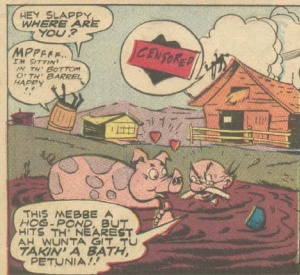
AH! LIJES! MOVE
YOU INTO TH' JAIL
WIFFA CHICKENS!
GOT'EM COOPED
UP THERE FUH
TH' WINTER!



BUT FATE TAKES A
HAND AS THE
SHERIFF TOSSES
AWAY A MATCH...



AH CHANGES
MAH CHARGE..
FROM MAKIN'
ILLEGAL LIKKER
TUH MAKIN' HIGH
EXPLO. SUVS!

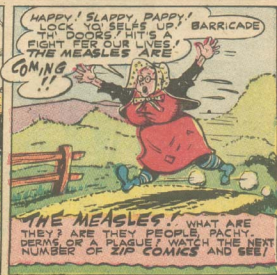


HEY SLAPPY
WHERE ARE
YOU?

MPFFR..
I'M SITTING
IN TH' BOTTOM
O' TH' BARREL
HAPPY
!!

CENSORED

THIS MEBBE A
HOG-POND, BUT
HITS TH' NEAREST
AH WUNTA GIT TU
TAKIN' A BATH,
PETUNIA!.



HAPPY! SLAPPY PAPPY!
LOCK YO' SELFS UP, BARRICADE
TH' DOORS, HIT'S A
FIGHT FOR OUR LIVES,
THE MEASLES ARE

COMING!!

THE MEASLES! WHAT ARE
THEY? ARE THEY PEOPLE, PACHY.
DERMS, OR A PLAGUE? WATCH THE NEXT
NUMBER OF ZIP COMICS AND SEE!

LOOK

FOR THIS TRADEMARK:



FEATURING
THE SHIELD

FEATURING
STEEL STERLING

FEATURING
THE HANGMAN



FEATURING
THE SHIELD AND
THE WIZARD



FEATURING
THE
BLACK
HOOD

FEATURING
POKEY
OAKY

MLJ LEADS THE WAY!
REMEMBER-WHEN BETTER MAGAZINES ARE
PUBLISHED, MLJ WILL PUBLISH THEM!

WOODY

THE WOODPECKER

ASSISTED BY

SLEEPY

THE WORKSHOP IN THE OLD HOLLOW TREE IS HUMMING WITH LIFE--WOODY HAS JUST COME IN WITH AN IDEA!

I'VE GOT IT - I'VE GOT IT - THE IDEA OF THE CENTURY - THE INSPIRATION OF A LIFETIME!

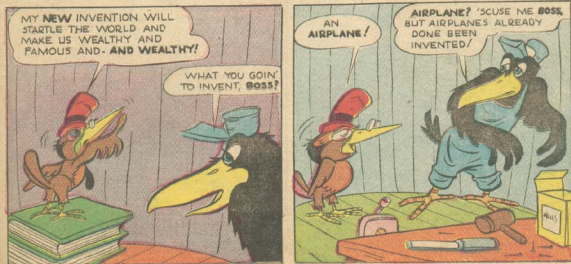


MY NEW INVENTION WILL STARTLE THE WORLD AND MAKE US WEALTHY AND FAMOUS AND - AND WEALTHY!

WHAT YOU GOIN' TO INVENT, BOSS?

AN AIRPLANE!

AIRPLANE? 'SCUSE ME BOSS, BUT AIRPLANES ALREADY DONE BEEN INVENTED!



THEY HAVE? GOOD GRACIOUS-
I DIDN'T KNOW THAT! BUT
THEN I HAVEN'T BEEN READING
THE PAPERS LATELY!



I'M NOT GOING TO LET ANY-
THING LIKE THAT STOP ME! I'LL
INVENT ANOTHER KIND OF
AIRPLANE -- ONE THAT WILL
FLY CLEAR TO THE -- TO THE --
TO THE -- **MOON!**



YOU GET OUT THE
TOOLS WHILE I BUY
SOME PAPER TO DRAW
UP OUR PLANS ON!



TEN MINUTES AND FORTY SECONDS LATER

THE FELLOW AT THE
STORE, SAID THAT THIS
WAS **JUST** THE KIND
OF PAPER FOR ANY-
BODY WHO IS BUILD-
ING AN **AIRPLANE!**

**DRAT THIS STUFF--I
CAN'T LET GO OF IT!
GIVE ME A HAND SLEEPY!
HURRY UP-- SHAKE
A LEG!**

I SHAKE IT HARD
AS I CAN, **BOSS!**



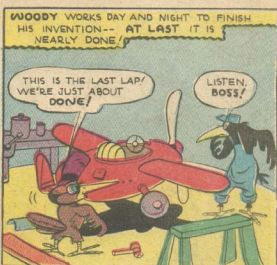
HERE I FIX IT
FOR YOU!

OUCH!!
WATCH WHAT
YOU'RE DOING!



YOU SURE GOT STUCK BUYING THIS
STUFF, **BOSS,** 'CAUSE THIS
HERE AM **FLY PAPER!**





WHAT DID YOU SAY, SLEEPY?

OH NOTHIN' JEST NOTHIN' AT ALL!

CRASH

WHAT WE NEED NOW IS A SPONSOR!

WHAT AM DAT?

A SPONSOR IS, WELL, THAT IS--- OH, SHUCKS, WHAT MAKES YOU SO IGNORANT?

HEY WOODY, HERE'S A TELEGRAM FOR YOU!

FOR ME?

GOSH LOOK AT THIS!

WESTERN ONION

CONGRATULATIONS ON INVENTION OF AIRPLANE STOP WISH TO HIRE YOU TO INVESTIGATE RUMOR MOON IS MADE OF GREEN CHEESE STOP START AT ONCE STOP SMELLUM CHEESE CO.

HURRAH! A SPONSOR! AND WERE OFF TO THE MOON!

AIN'T DAT SUMPIN'?

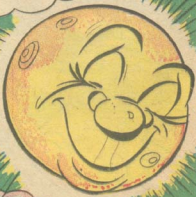
THE MOON!!

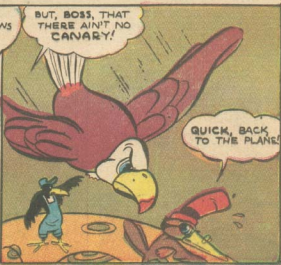
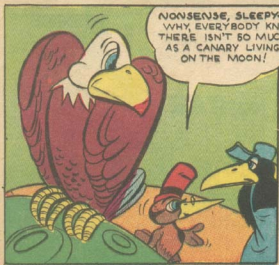
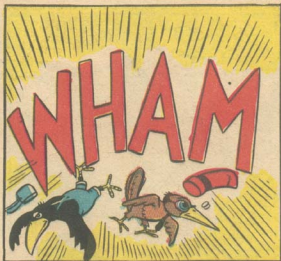
GULP!

SHUCKS, DON'T WORRY, WE WON'T HAVE A BIT OF TROUBLE GETTING THERE!

WHAT WORRIES ME IS HOW DOES WE GET BACK?

AH, WHAT DID I TELL YOU -- THERE'S THE MOON NOW!





AH, JUST IN THE
NICK OF TIME —
HEY— WE'RE
TAKING OFF!

YOU MEAN
WE IS BEING
TOOK OFF!

AT LEAST WE'VE
GOT OUR PLANE
OFF THE MOON--
SAY-- I'VE GOT
AN IDEA-- REACH
UP AND TICKLE
HIS FOOT!

WHO, ME,
BOSS?

KITCHY-KITCHY
KOO!

HO HO
HA HA HA
HA

THAT MADE HIM LET
GO QUICK, START
THE MOTOR AND
WE'LL HEAD FOR
HOME!

AIN'T WE GOIN'TO
GET NO CHEESE?

CHEESE? IF IT
HADN'T BEEN FOR
THE SMELLUM
CHEESE CO., WE
WOULDN'T BE IN
THIS PICKLE!
NO SIR! ME FOR
HOME!

THE LAST THING I
EVER WANT TO
SEE AGAIN IS A
PIECE OF —

LOOKOUT,
BOSS!!

CRASH!!
BANG
BOOM

-CHEESE!

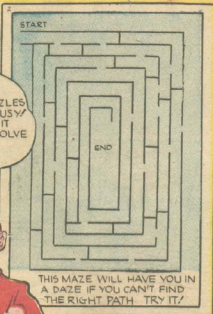
SMELLUM CHEESE CO.

PUZZLES

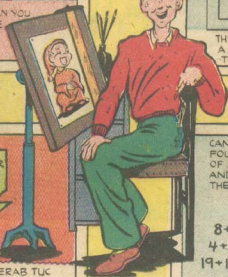


HOW MANY OBJECTS CAN YOU
COUNT IN THIS PICTURE
WHOSE NAMES
BEGIN WITH "B"?

"HI, KIDS! HEHE
ARE SOME PUZZLES
TO KEEP YOU BUSY!
SEE HOW LONG IT
TAKES YOU TO SOLVE
THEM!"



THIS MAZE WILL HAVE YOU IN
A DAZE IF YOU CAN'T FIND
THE RIGHT PATH. TRY IT!



CAN YOU DECIPHER
THE FOLLOWING
SENTENCES?

"EHREW ESOD A RBERAB TUC
UORY ARHI?"

"NO URYO EHDA!"

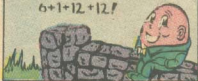
"ON/NI A RABSORHEPR!"

* WTAT NMA DAEM A TLO FO
KOROCDE UOHGD?
"AWS EH A EFHIT?"
* ON, EH WSA A LPEZTER
UMNAAFUTERR/

CAN YOU DECIPHER THE
FOLLOWING TWO LINES
OF A NURSERY RHYME AND
AND FINISH THE REST OF
THE POEM IN NUMBERS BY
YOURSELF

$$8+21+13+16+20+25$$
$$4+21+13+16+20+25$$

19+1+20 15+14 1 23+1+12+12

$$8+21+13+16+20+25$$
$$4+21+13+16+20+25$$
 $8+1+4 \quad 1 \quad 7+18+5+1+20$ $6+1+12+12!$ 

ANSWERS

WAS HE A THIEF? NO HE WAS A KETZEL MANUFACTURER.

COOKED BROWN

THAT MAN MADE A LOT OF NO IN A BARBERSHOP

ON YOUR HEAD!

WITH "B" CUT YOUR HAIR!

1. IF OBJECTS BEGINNING

WITH "8"

A HUMPTY DUMPTY SAT ON A WALL.

HUMPTY DUMPTY HAD A GREAT FALL

$$51+5 \ 61+2+41+6+11 \ 5+8+02 \ 21+21+1 \ H+H1+1$$
$$1+14+4+1+12+12+20+8+5+1+9+14+7+19+13+1$$

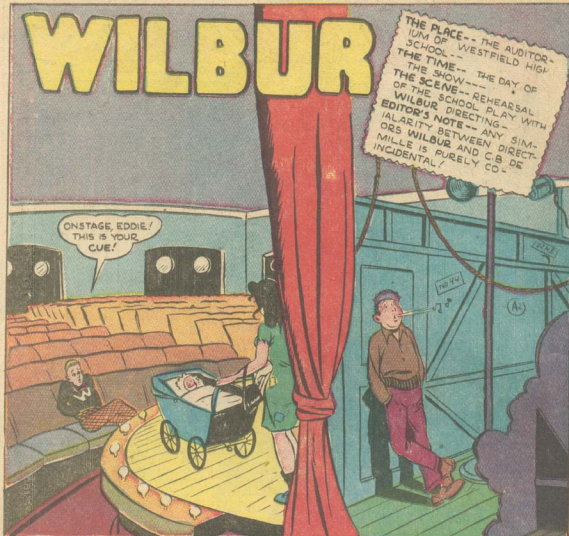
5-15-21+12+4+4+20 6-21+13+

$$20+15+7+5+20+5+7+15+20$$

WILBUR

THE PLACE-- THE AUDITORIUM OF WESTFIELD HIGH SCHOOL--
 THE TIME-- THE DAY OF THE SHOW--
 THE SCENE-- REHEARSAL OF THE SCHOOL PLAY WITH WILBUR DIRECTING--
 EDITOR'S NOTE-- ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN DIRECTORS WILBUR AND C.B. DEMILLE IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL!

ONSTAGE, EDDIE!
 THIS IS YOUR CUE!

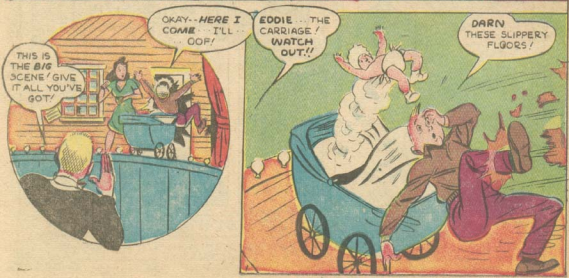


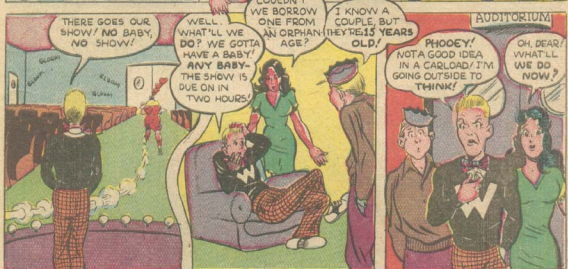
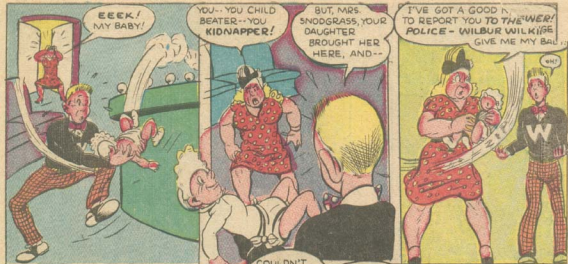
THIS IS THE BIG SCENE! GIVE IT ALL YOU'VE GOT!

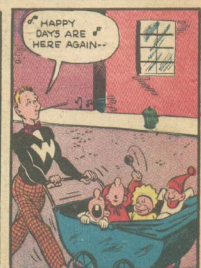
OKAY-- HERE I COME -- I'LL ... OOP!

EDDIE -- THE CARRIAGE! WATCH OUT!!

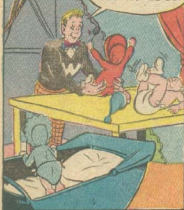
DARN THESE SLIPPERY FLOORS!







HERE WE ARE! NOW
TO PICK ONE FOR
THE ACT!
LETITIA'LL DO!



WHILE DOWN AT THE
SHOPPING CENTER-----

HOW NICE TO
SHOP AND KNOW
OUR BABIES ARE
IN CAPABLE
HANDS!!

IT'S GETTING
LATE-- I THINK I'LL
PHONE WILBUR
AND SEE HOW
HE'S GETTING
ALONG!



TELEPHONE

NO ANSWER!
THAT'S STRANGE
...I'D BETTER
CALL WILBUR'S
HOME---



WILBUR? WHY, HE'S AT
THE SCHOOL AUDITORIUM,
PUTTING ON A SCHOOL
PLAY--- WHY WHAT'S
HAPPENED--- CLICK!
SHE MUST HAVE
HUNG UP!



GIRLS, SHE'S FAINTED!
SOMETHING MUST HAVE
HAPPENED TO WILBUR
AND THE BABIES!!



meanwhile---

HOW'S THE
SHOW--
WILBUR?

SWELL! I
WISH A TALENT
SCOUT WAS
HERE-- WE'D BE
IN THE MOVIES
TOMORROW!



WOW,
EDDIE IT'S
A SELL-OUT!

SHALL I
TELL ELMER
TO PUT ON HIS
BEARD NOW?



ALL GOES WELL
UP TO THE FINAL
SCENE OF THIS
SOUL SHATTER-
ING DRAMA--



HEH, HEH, HEH,
ME BLUE-EYED
BEEAUTEE--E
I MUST HAVE
THE MONEY, OR--



...ELSE YOU
AND THE CHEEILD
MUST GO!
HEH, HEH, HEH!

HAVE MERCY,
MR. BEAGLE!!



OUT
YOU
GO!

GIVE 'EM
THE SNOW
JOB!



SHE'S TERRIFIC!
WHAT EMOTION!
SHE'S--- OOPS!

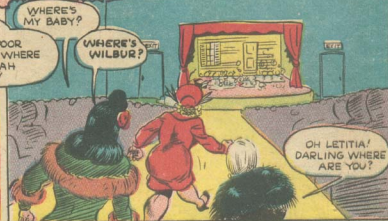
SPLASH!

THE WATER WHICH WILBUR HAS
SPILLED, FLOWS ONTO THE STAGE
AND MIXES WITH THE SNOW -
(SOAP SUDS TO YOU)

AT THIS DRAMATIC MOMENT THE
WORRIED MOTHERS OF HOOPVILLE
ARRIVE----



I'LL GO,
WITH MY POOR
CHEEILD - O, WHERE
IS MAH DEAH
HUBBY!



WHERE'S
MY BABY?

WHERE'S
WILBUR?

OH LETITIA!
DARLING WHERE
ARE YOU?



AH, - THERE'S MY
LETITIA! WILBUR
WILKINS! JUST
LET ME GET MY
HANDS ON YOU!

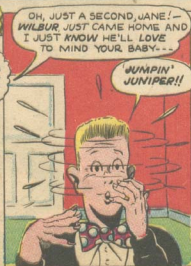
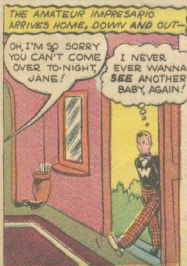
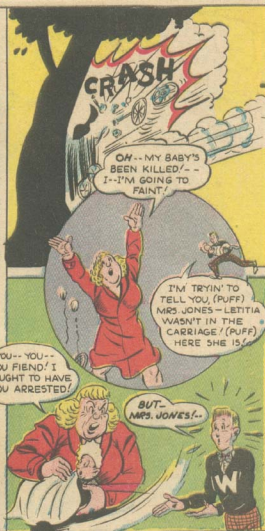
HOLY COW,
MRS. JONES!



WHOOPS!!



STOP!
STOP!
SOMEBODY
STOP THE
CARRIAGE---



IT'S THE TALK OF THE TOWN!
NEW ZIP COMICS! AND THE
 NEXT ISSUE WILL BE THE
 RAVE OF THE TOWN!
 DON'T MISS IT!

WORLD WONDERS



THE
MAN-O-WAR
BIRD HAS
BEEN TRAINED TO
ACT AS POSTMAN
IN CERTAIN OF
THE SOUTH SEA
ISLANDS



Tree of DEATH

THE "DATURA" TREE
OF SOUTH AMERICA
PRODUCES BEAUTIFUL
LARGE WHITE FLOWERS
-YET THEY ARE
THE SOURCE OF
ATROPINE
A DEADLY POISON



HIGH JUMPING CHAMPS

THE UN-OFFICIAL
HIGH-JUMPING CHAMP-
IONS OF THE WORLD
ARE THE MEMBERS
OF THE TALL, HANDSOME
WATUSSI TRIBE
OF SOUTH AFRICA



THEY CAN JUMP BETWEEN
7 and 8 FEET



MALE **SEA LIONS** AND
FUR BEARING SEALS
CAN GO FOR ALMOST
3 MONTHS AT A
TIME WITHOUT
EATING!

The WEB

I'M GOING TO
KILL YOU, DR. SIMON
MARCHTON!

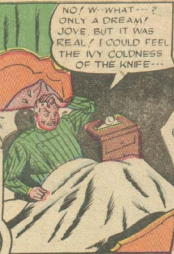
FOR CENTURIES IT HAS BEEN THE BELIEF OF MILLIONS THAT DREAMS ARE AS REAL AS LIFE! OUT OF THE DARKNESS AND THE HIDDEN RECESSES OF A HUMAN MIND COME THE STRANGEST DREAMS EVER EXPERIENCED -- DREAMS OF CRIME AND MURDER! DREAMS THAT HAD THEIR ACTUAL COUNTERPART IN REAL LIFE! FOLLOW THE WEB INTO THIS BIZARRE LAND OF DREAMS IN THIS WEIRDEST ADVENTURE!

"THE WEB AND THE DREAM"

GREAT HEAVENS I'VE
STABBED A MAN--
KILLED HIM IN
COLD BLOOD!



NO! WHAT---?
ONLY A DREAM--?
JOVE, BUT IT WAS
REAL! I COULD FEEL
THE IVY COLDNESS
OF THE KNIFE---

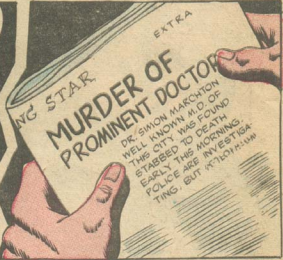


AT BREAKFAST--
I TELL YOU ERIC,
THE DREAM WAS
UNCANNILY REAL!
IT SEEMED TO BE
MORE THAN
DREAMING!



NONSENSE,
JOHN! YOU'RE
SUFFERING
FROM OVER-
STRAINED
NERVES, NO
THING ELSE!

ERIC, JANE, LOOK AT
THIS REMARKABLE
COINCIDENCE! SOME-
ONE HAS COMMITTED
TH--



FATHER WHAT
YOU OBVIOUSLY
IMAGINE IS
ABSDUR!



NO JANE, NO!
THE MAN I
KILLED IN MY
HORRIBLE DREAM
WAS ALSO A DOC-
TOR! THIS IS AW-
FUL!

IT CAN'T BE-- IT
MUSN'T BE, BUT I'M
AFRAID IT IS! THE
DREAM WAS TOO
REAL---



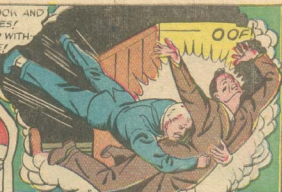
EXHAUSTED BY WORRY, JOHN
PIERREPORT RETIRES TO BED MOR-
TALLY AFRAID THAT HIS DREAM
OF THE NIGHT BEFORE WILL RE-
TURN IN ALL ITS MORBID HORROR,
AND-----



IT DOES?



IT'S TWO O'CLOCK AND
HERE HE COMES!
HE'LL BE DEAD WITH-
IN A MINUTE!

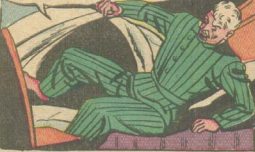


OOF!



OH, MY GOD!
ANOTHER
MURDER! IF
THIS GOES
ON ---

---I'LL BE DRIVEN INSANE! FOR THE SAKE OF
MY SANITY I MUST TAKE THE CASE TO
THE PROPER AUTHORITIES!



IT'S FOUR O'CLOCK
NOW, IF A MURDER
OCCURRED AT TWO---



HELLO, INSPECTOR, JOHN
PIERREPONT SPEAKING! CAN
YOU TELL ME WHETHER OR NOT
A MURDER WAS COMMITTED
BY STRANGLING ABOUT TWO
O'CLOCK ---

AS A MATTER OF FACT THERE WAS MR.
PIERREPONT, BUT--**SAY**, HOW COME YOU
KNOW SO MANY DETAILS ABOUT IT---
ONLY ONE MAN BESIDES THE POLICE
COULD KNOW THAT MUCH AND **HE**
IS ---



...THE MURDERER! YES, I AM
THE MURDERER!

GREAT SCOTT FATHER,
WHAT ARE YOU
SAYING?

HORTON, HOLD HIM!—YOU OLD FOOL!
DO YOU **REALIZE**, WHAT YOU'RE
DOING?

HELLO, INSPECTOR, THIS IS
DR. ERIC GRAHAM. MY
FATHER-IN-LAW DOESN'T KNOW
WHAT HE'S SAYING! HE'S
HAD AN ATTACK OF
NERVES—CLICK—HELLO!

GET UP TO THE PIERREPONT MANSION
AND SEE WHAT THE **OLD BOY** KNOWS
ABOUT THE WATERFRONT KILLING!
AND HURRY!

I DIDN'T,
I TELL YOU!
I DIDN'T!

STOP IT,
STOP IT!
I TELL
YOU!

ERIC,
DON'T!

ERIC—HOW
COULD YOU?

IT WAS THE ONLY
WAY I COULD **SNAP**
THAT FOOLISH FATHER
OF YOURS OUT OF
HIS HYSTERIA!

WE'RE FROM
POLICE HEADQUART-
ERS!—YOU'LL
HAVE TO COME
WITH US, MR.
PIERREPONT!

BOYS, BE REASONABLE! MY
FATHER-IN-LAW **IMAGINED**
ALL THIS!—WHY HE HASN'T
BEEN OUT OF THE HOUSE
FOR DAYS!

SORRY,
DR. GRAHAM.

WE'LL HAVE TO
TAKE YOUR FATHER-
IN-LAW TO HEADQUARTERS
FOR QUESTIONING!



THE NEXT DAY,
THERE IS A CALLER
AT THE APART-
MENT OF PROF-
FESSOR JOHN
RAYMOND---

JANE PIERREPONT

JANE GRAHAM, NOW,
PROF ESSOR RAYMOND--WIFE
OF DR. ERIC GRAHAM--- BUT
I'M GLAD YOU RE-
MEMBER
ME!

YOUR "BEST GIRL PUPIL,"
NEEDS HELP, PROF-
FESSOR RAY-
MOND!



-THEN THEY TOOK
FATHER TO HEAD-
QUARTERS! THE
THING IS SO FAN-
TASTIC I CAN
HARDLY BELIEVE
IT! FATHER
CAN'T BE
GUILTY!

ERIC WORRIES ME, TOO, HE'S
BEEN **IRRITABLE** AND **NERVOUS**
FOR MONTHS, EVER SINCE HE
CLOSED SOME BUSINESS DEAL
WITH FRANK HOGAN, THE
OWNER OF THE **BLUE-
BIRD CASINO!** - OH!
PROF ESSOR I DON'T
KNOW WHAT TO DO!



WELL JANE, I CAN'T
PROMISE ANYTHING, BUT
LET'S SEE YOUR
FATHER ANYWAY!



PROF ESSOR RAY-
MOND IS AN OLD
FRIEND OF THE FAMILY
SERGEANT, I THINK HE
CAN HELP MY FATHER!



IN THAT CASE IT'S
O.K., MRS. GRAHAM--
KELLY, TAKE THEM
TO PIERREPONT'S
CELL!



YOUR FATHER'S
IN CELL NO. 34,
MRS. GRAHAM.



NOW TO GET TO FRANK HOGAN'S BLUEBIRD CASINO! THREADS OF MURDER IN THIS TOWN--

---HAVE LED THERE TOO OFTEN!

IF I REMEMBER RIGHTLY, THE SIGNAL IS TWO KNOCKS, THEN THREE, THEN ONE!

KNOCK

WHO'S THERE? C'MON, TALK UP OR I'LL COME OUT AFTER YA!

---AND SOME WELL DESERVED SHUT-EYE! YOU'LL BE MORE USEFUL ASLEEP!

CRACK

OBLIGING OF YOU, MCGURK! SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU FOR THE GUN!

HERE'S HOGAN'S OFFICE---- AND FORTUNATELY, IT'S EMPTY!

AH, THE "OLD BUSINESS" FILE! THE STUFF I WANT SHOULD BE HERE!

FRANK!...
C'MERE
QUICK!

WHAT
HAPPENED
TO YOU?

THE WEB
HAPPENED
TO ME-----
THAT'S WHAT!
BUSTED ME
WIDE OPEN,
AND HE'S
SOMEWHERE
IN THE
JOINT--
THIS
MINUTE!

MY HUNCH WAS
RIGHT! JUST
WHAT I'M
LOOKING FOR!

AND HERE'S
SOMETHIN' YOU'RE
NOT LOOKIN' FOR!
REACH, WEB!

YOU MEAN,
LIKE THIS!

NASTY, NASTY!
MUSTN'T SNEAK
UP BEHIND PEOPLE
WITH BLACKJACKS!

ESPECIALLY ME! I'M
ALLERGIC TO THEM!

BOOM!



DON'T SHOOT HIM! A MURDER WOULD BUST THIS PLACE WIDE OPEN!

WELL, THAT'S ONE FOR THE BOOKS, YOU AFRAID OF MURDER WITH TWO ALREADY ON YOUR HANDS, HOGAN!

LEMME PLUG IM BOSS, I TELL YA!

IF YOU'RE TRYIN' TO FRAME ME, WEB, YOU'RE CRAZY! MURDER ISN'T IN MY LINE, SEE? I GOT ENOUGH TROUBLE AS IT IS!

OH, NO--WHAT ABOUT DR. SWIN MARCHTON FOR INSTANCE!



YOU'RE JUST A PAID KILLER, HOGAN---AND I KNOW WHO'S PAYING YOU AND WHY! THESE I.O.U.S I FOUND IN YOUR FILES PROVE IT!

LOOK--- I AIN'T TAKIN' THE RAP FOR NO BODY, SEE? SURE, I KNOW ABOUT THOSE MURDERS---

---BUT NOT THE WAY YOU THINK! I'LL SPILL PLENTY TO YOU --- SCRAM, YOU LUGS! THIS IS A PRIVATE CONVERSATION FROM HERE ON!

MEANWHILE, AT THE PIERREPONT HOME--

ERIC HOW CAN I BELIEVE THAT FATHER DID THESE AWFUL THINGS?



YOUR FATHER IS INSANE, JANE, HE'S CAPABLE OF ANYTHING!



ERIC, YOU BEAST, FATHER NEVER DID WANT ME TO MARRY YOU AND NOW I KNOW WHY!

WELL, IF HE DIDN'T KILL THEM, WHO DID?

YOU DID, ERIC GRAHAM!



THE WEB!

YES, DR. GRAHAM, YOU FED YOUR FATHER-IN-LAW A DRUG WHICH NUMBED HIS BRAIN AND MADE HIM AN EASY VICTIM TO HYPNOSIS! YOU TOLD HIM IT WAS A **SEDATIVE** FOR HIS NERVES, DIDN'T YOU?

THEN, YOU WENT OUT, COMMITTED THOSE CRIMES, RETURNED TO THE DRUGGED MR. PIERREPONT, HYPNOTIZED HIM INTO HAVING THOSE DREAMS! YOU WANTED HIM DRIVEN INSANE! BUT HE UPSET YOUR PLANS WHEN HE CALLED IN THE POLICE, DIDN'T HE?

IF WE WERE HANGED FOR YOUR CRIMES, YOU WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO TOUCH A CENT OF HIS MONEY! BUT INSANE, YOU WOULD HANDLE ALL HIS AFFAIRS!

CURSE YOU WEB! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU FOUND OUT ALL THIS!



WEB! THE DRAPE... THAT HOT POKER HE FLUNG AT ME CAUGHT IN THE DRAPE! IT'S ON FIRE!



GRAHAM'S GETTING AWAY! BUT I'VE GOT TO PUT OUT THIS FIRE FIRST!



BUT DR. GRAHAM'S ESCAPE IS SHORT LIVED! A FIST FLASHES OUT FROM AN UNEXPECTED QUARTER AND-----



IT'S HORTON, OUR BUTLER!



GOOD WORK, OLD BOY! HOW DID YOU KNOW? I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF EAVESDROPPING, SIR! I NEVER LIKED THE CAD AND I WAS GRATEFUL FOR THE OPPORTUNITY OF ER... SLUGGING HIM! I HOPE THE MASTER WILL BE ALL RIGHT NOW!

YOU BET HE WILL, HORTON! HE'LL BE OUT OF JAIL IN NO TIME!



I SUSPECTED SOMETHING WHEN ER... MY FRIEND RAYMOND SPOWED ME THE "SEDATIVE" THEN YOUR MENTION OF HOGAN, STARTED ME THINKING AND CHECKED WITH HIM! HE TOLD ME HOW YOUR HUSBAND DREAMED UP THIS PLAN AND WANTED HIM TO HELP SO HE COULD PAY OFF HIS GAMBLING DEBTS! BUT HOGAN BALKED AT MURDER!

NEXT MONTH THE WEB SPREADS HIS NET FURTHER TO ENMESH CRIME. DON'T MISS IT! *End*

GEE what a build!
Didn't it take a long
time to get those muscles?

SHOWER

No SIR! - ATLAS
Makes Muscles Grow
Like Magic!

Will You Let Me PROVE I Can Make YOU a New Man?

LET ME START SHOWING RESULTS FOR YOU

**5 inches
of new
Muscle**

"My arms increased
1 1/2", chest 2 1/2",
forearms 1 1/2". — C.
S. W. Va.

**What a
difference!**

"I have
put 3 1/2"
on chest
(normal) and
2 1/2" expanded."
— F. S. N. Y.

**Here's what ATLAS
did for ME!**

**For quick results
I recommend
CHARLES
ATLAS**

"Am sending snapshot
showing wonderful prop-
riety." — W. G., N. J.

**GAINED
29
POUNDS**

"When I started,
weighed only 141.
Now 170." — T.
K., N. Y.

**CHARLES
ATLAS**

Awarded the
title of "The
World's Most
Perfectly De-
veloped Man"
in interna-
tional con-
test—in
competition
with ALL men
who would con-
sent to appear
against him.
This is a re-
cent photo of
Charles Atlas
showing how
he looks today.
This is not a
studio picture
but an actual
untouched
snapshot.

Here's What Only 15 Minutes a Day Can Do For You

I DON'T care how old or how young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add **SOLID MUSCLE** to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system **INSIDE and OUTSIDE!** I can add inches to your chest, give you a vice-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new, beautiful suit of muscles!

When you have learned to develop your Strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the **IMMANT** muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid **LIVE MUSCLE**. My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—every exercise is practical. And, man, so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to **BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY**.

FREE BOOK

"Everlasting Health and Strength"

In it I talk to you in straight-from-the-shoulder language. Packed with inspirational pictures of myself and pupils—fellows who became **NEW MEN** in strength, my way. Let me show you what I can do for YOU! For a real thrill, send for this book today. **AT ONCE, CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 2733 115 East 23rd St., New York City.**

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 2733
115 East 23rd St., New York, N. Y.**

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

What's My Secret?

"Dynamic Tension" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with,



**C'mon—
BOYS-GIRLS
MEN-WOMEN**

PICK YOUR PRIZE

THESE PRIZES ARE GIVEN TO YOU—Just send for 40 packets of easy selling Garden Spot Seeds which you can easily and quickly sell to your friends and neighbors at 10c each. Return the \$4.00 collected and select your Prize in accordance to our offers. **SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.**

One Pair Racing HOMER PIGEONS



It's fun to raise and train and handle Racing Homer Pigeons. One pair of mated birds given for selling only 1 order of seeds. **Send Ex. Collect.**

10 Piece Priscilla Curtain Set



All given as one Premium for selling only 1 order of seeds. **Send postpaid.**

Beautiful DINNER SET



This beautiful Set Given for selling only 3 orders of Seeds. **Send Express Collect.**

VIOLIN, BOW & INSTRUCTIONS

GIVEN



Handsome finish, highly polished. **POSITIVELY NOT A TOY.** **GIVEN for selling only 4 orders. MAIL THE COUPON TODAY. BE FIRST.**



Suitable for Dad or Son

This set is complete and practical, as shown. **GIVEN for selling only one 40 pkt. order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10 cts. each. WRITE FOR SEEDS TODAY.**

ALL 3 GIVEN



**GUITAR-USE
MANDOLIN
AND
BANJO**



Just the Instruments for you until you can afford those of larger size. **ALL 3 INSTRUMENTS, GUITAR-USE, BANJO and MANDOLIN** given for selling only 40 pkts. of Garden Spot Seeds at 10 cts. a pkt.

CANDID-TYPE CAMERA

Sell only one order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10 cts. a packet and this splendid Camera is yours. **WRITE FOR SEEDS TODAY.**



CHENILLE BED SPREAD



Here is a hand, some addition to your bed room. Your choice of colors. Sell only one order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10c plus 50c.

Basket Ball GIVEN



Latest Rubber Valve Type. **GIVEN for selling only 40 pkts. at 10 cts. each.**



**A Real
Live Canary**

FOR YOU!

What's Tell! You will have a Canary and Cage both given for selling only one order of seeds at 10 cts. a packet. **Send Ex. Collect.**

ONE PAIR RABBITS

The raising of rabbits for the market is a fascinating business. We offer and guarantee safe arrival **One Pair of Rabbits** for selling only two orders. **Rabbits sent Ex. Collect.**



Everyone who plants a garden will help to solve the problem of the feeding of the nation.

SEND NO MONEY

WE TRUST YOU

THIS PIN IS YOURS

Just mail the Coupon today and this beautiful Pin, symbolic of American Freedom, will be sent right along with the seeds. **HURRY!**



MAIL COUPON TODAY

36th Year

Lancaster County Seed Co., Station 393, Paradise, Pa.

Please send me 40 packets (one order) of Garden Spot Seeds to sell at 10 cts. a pkt. for a fine Gift. I will sell and pay for seeds in 30 days. Also send right along with Seeds Patriotic Pin shown above.

Name _____
Post Office _____
State _____
Street or R.F.D. _____ Box _____
Print your last name plainly below

Save 2 cents by filling in, pasting and mailing this Coupon on a 1c Post Card TODAY.